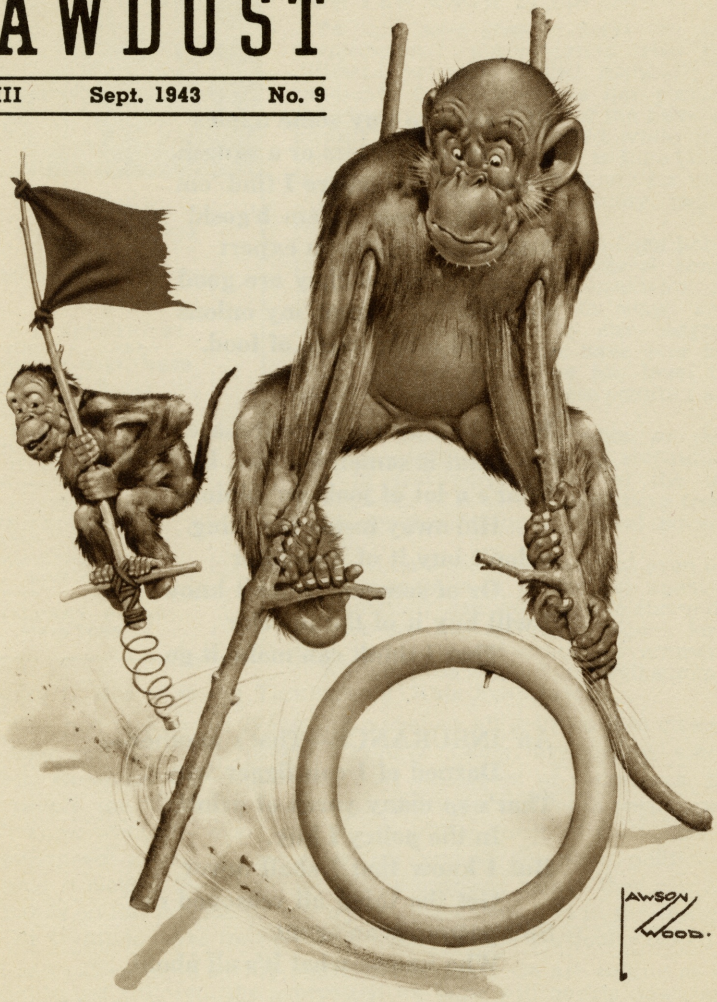
SAWDUST

Vol. III Sept. 1943 No. 9



The added starter

A Monthly Publication Of General Interest Issued By The Lone Pine Lumber & Supply Co. For Complimentary Circulation Among Its Friends, Customers and Customers-To-Be.

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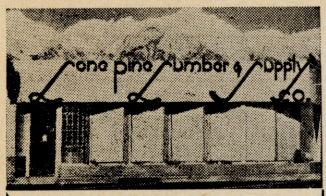
Ef I want to buy some apples
Or some taters or a squash,
I can buy 'em where I find 'em
I can look at 'em b'gosh!
I don't have to be an expert
To decide if they are good
Fer you bet I know my onions
And other kinds of food.

But when a watch I purchase,
That is something else, by Jing!
Thar's a lot of jools an' pinions
Hid away inside the thing.
I don't buy it of a peddler
Or of someone I don't know;
I will buy it of the jeweler
That I think can make it go.

An' INSURANCE—That's another—
Darned ef I can figger why
Thar's so many yards of printin'
In the policy I buy.
But I know that I shall never
Get the thing all reasoned out
So I patronize an agent
Who knows what it's all about.

Elmer T. Pocklington.



Founded A. D. 1919
by
Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Dow

RUDIE HENDERSON
ERNEST F. LASKY
EDWARD HJELTNESS
GUY MARTIN
FLORENCE ADAIR
ALBERT SAINZ
L. D. OWEN
CRUZ SAINZ
O. H. HONERLAH

E. P. FITZGERALD
LEE MEYERS

JIMMY-THE-RED
MASCOT

CHALFANT PRESS
PRINTERS

HOW FEW KNOW THEIR OWN GOOD

As this issue goes to press the new Congressional representative from this district is yet to be elected. Although the candidate from Calaveras has perhaps the greater qualifications of the three aspirants, these are relegated while it is stressed that his proximity to Inyo County should result in more favors for us.

Editorially all Inyo County papers adopted this tack:

"Inyo-Mono counties have been habitually short-changed on Federal recognition" ... "His accomplishments for Inyo-Mono counties far outweigh anything even attempted by any congressional representation we have ever had from this district"..."he has been the only candidate to visit these counties and meet the people," etc., etc.

All of this at the time when we were priding ourselves for being self-reliant and in fact perhaps one of the last strongholds of American traditions freest from dependency upon federal government.

Has it now come to pass that even our Congressman must act as our agent in Washington? Are we ready to surrender further our non-federal functions for a still greater bureaucratic government?

We think the whole thing well summed by Henry L. Roe in Booth Tarkington's "Kate Fennigate":

"Why just look at us! We've got ourselves all split up into classes, what they call 'blocs' or 'pressure groups.' Labor, agriculture, school teachers, ex-soldiers of the World War, Chambers of Commerce, the silver people, the colored people, the aged people, the youth people, and I don't know what all—every one of 'em with a bunch of politicians in the government acting as agents for 'em, and all the other politicians promising if elected they'll get all the government money they can lay their hands on for 'em. All of 'em trying to get their feet in the trough, all of 'em trying to make the rest of us work for their particular benefit."

A sad pattern of frugality and common sense we are setting as an example to our children, the generation we **hope** will buckle down and shoulder the debts and errors of their fathers, and on top of which pay their current expenses out of their current income which their forebears thus far have failed to do for a decade and a half.

Speed the day while there is yet time, when at least a few men in public affairs will forget provincialism and act for the good of our country and mankind as a whole!

SENTENTIOUS ANECDOTES

Hitlerized

If we think Hitler's system is better than ours we should have the honesty to say so instead of copying while we denounce it.—Cong. Hatton W. Sumners, Texas.

Privation

I lost the Toilet Seat poem to another patient. One of the nurses wants a copy. Can you get one from Rudy?—(_..._..), Veterans' Hospital, Sawtelle.

Mouthful

When you wrote in your letter of June 30th, "What a system! What a system!" you certainly said a mouth full. — The Kemper-Thomas Co., Cincinnati.

Well Wisher

No one appreciates more, the stimulating effect throughout the entire Valley in the City's decision to sell back the town properties and thereby rehabilitate and give new vigor and life to an otherwise dormant valley, economically speaking...In light of these facts and my stand on the Owens Valley land sales as evidenced by my votes in the Los Angeles City Council I do not believe I would be amiss in asking for a correction of statements to the contrary by your paper. — Lloyd G. Davies, Councilman—Second District, Los Angeles.

A Promise

A revision of my schedule for fall permits my entering your order for 6 Lane Cedar Chests. These have been ordered from the Virginia factory and provision for them has been made from my quota.—Paul T. Kennedy, Los Angeles.

Paradise Lost

What am I doing? Will the censors leave an otherwise voluble editor bottled up perfectly? Suffice it to say I'm doing new and somewhat different work in the Paradise of the Pacific, enjoying home-grown pineapple, mangoes, papaias and bananas. This is a fine spot, the personnel is made up of a fine group of men—but I hanker for home and Inyo—plus a political bull session with you.—Lt. Geo. W. Savage, USNR.

Ringing Polysyllables

If there is any fixed star in our constitutional constellation, it is that no official, high or petty, can prescribe what shall be orthodox in politics, nationalism, religion, or other matters of opinion...Those who begin coercive elimination of dissent soon find themselves exterminating dissenters. Compulsory unification of opinion achieves only the unanimity of the graveyard.—U. S. Supreme Court.

Simple English

All commodities listed in Appendix A are those known to the trade as such, excepting therefrom such thereof, if any, while subject to another regulation.—OPA regulation.

Shirkers Rebuked

The sooner we stop measuring our sacrifice against that of the cheat who is getting away with something, and individually measure against the boy down the street, who is now standing grimly waiting for the order to move against the artillery fire of Europe and Asia, the sooner we will bring an end to this struggle.—Lt. Gen. Brehon B. Somervell.

STRICTLY PERSONAL

As a remarkable coincidence, Harry Taylorson, Crane Co. salesman, chanced into our store the day before the opening of trout season, grumbling that he had read enough of Jimmy-the-Red in SAWDUST. In fact, Harry gloated that readers must believe me to be afraid of my wife, because I never wrote of her.

It goes without speaking—or writing, that one's home life is always of prime interest to the individual concerned, but not so much to others. Acceding to Harry's request, we herewith present the highlights of Sunday, May 2, 1943:

This was a picnic day. And a picnic in more ways than one. My idea of a picnic is a couple of sandwiches, fried chicken, a thermos bottle of something besides Lone Pine Creek water to drink, a few pickles and a cigar.

But not so with these Minnesotians. In fact this might be designated a Minnesota State picnic. In addition to the seven members of my tribe—in which only the canine Skippy and myself are exempt from the Minnesota heritage, which perhaps classifies us both as mongrels, there were Mr. and Mrs. Ed Hjeltness and sons, Mrs. Ella Hagen. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Barnes and Johnny. By the way, Harry, Jack was the sole remaining member likewise pure of the Gopher influence, being a Bowiean from Arkansas. That's something like a Hoosier.

In addition to suitcases of vittling tools there were bowls of beans, fruit jars of cream and milk, bottles of pickles and olives, various cartons, boxes and other concave and hemispherical vessels of pickled beets, boiled eggs, potato salad, regular salad, ordinary salad, coffee, cake, pies, cookies, etc., fortified with a load of firewood, cushions, pillows, blankets (but no electric fan), various and assorted fishing poles, rods, reels, lines, hooks, and several rusty and rustic containers of worms, which —Halleluiah!—didn't get kicked over into the potato salad.

Louise decided to catch a trout and after tossing the line into the murky drink a few times, decided she might have better luck if she tried some bait on the hook.

She forthwith dug a worm out of one of the cans and ever-observant Paul Skinner beamed that she was about the only lady he had ever seen that wasn't squeamish about handling worms. Perhaps Paul doesn't realize that worms comprise only a low hurdle to a lady who has raised three bratlings all of masculine gender.

Despite wriggling protests the platyhelminth was impaled in a truly professional manner, when I reminded Louise as she prepared to toss the line into the creek that there was an additional formality to be considered. Her natural feminine curiosity evinced a query as to what that might be. I then imparted the fact that the State of California customarily charged two-bucks for tossing a baited line into a trout stream, and Jack Hopkins might not be so hilarious in being deprived of his commission therefrom.

There you have the highlights, Harry. There are insufficient pages in SAWDUST to go into fuller details. But please don't ask for them. The hotel and restaurant situation in Lone Pine is a bit critical.

Wallpaper

We now have the Four Freedoms. To which should be added the Fifth Freedom of free private enterprise...A bright afternoon was abruptly terminated last May when County Schools Supt. Dorothy Clora Lathrop Smith Cragen had the temerity to flatly accuse this writer of an act based solely on assumption. Far be it from him to accuse such a positive personality of filial nepotism but we think the Inyo Independent's front page headline of August 13th sufficiently eloquent: "Mavis Slater **Given** County School Job"... Required reading for the month should include "Don't Blame the Bureaucrat!" in the Sept. READER'S DIGEST...The Inyo Independent's August 20th editorial "Politicos Can't Claim Credit For Production" is likewise a masterpiece...A girl going out with a soldier thought he was AWOL but she found out he was AWOLF... We received a post-card from Irving D. Joseph away out in Red Bank, N. J....Favorite expressions: Todd Watkins' "What's cookin'?"; Whitey Nelson's "Why you old huzzy!"; Julius Mahrt's "You never will grow up!" and when asked what his will be Bennie Rosenbach's "I'll just take da cash"...Distinguished guests of the month included: Congressional candidate Jesse Mayo of Angels Camp, U. S. Gypsum Company's California District Manager R. C. VanDeusen and wife, Army Flight Instructor Harry Conover now with more than 1,000 hours to his credit, and Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Bishop of 20th Century-Fox...Unsolicited out of town donations to the proposed Lone Pine community plunge were $50.00 from Mark Dailey and $25.00 from Ray Gill...The manpower shortage must be acute. The Minneapolis-Honeywell Company recently used a half-page in the Saturday Evening Post advertising for help...Things we can get along without: Those old ladies who "stss, stss, stss" and "tch, tch, tch" at the news reels...Poignant sight: C. W. Greenlee and his Seeing Eye dog enroute up the Mt. Whitney Trail near Lone Pine Lake... Childhood memory: Our collection of tin stars, horse shoes and various insignia that formerly adorned plug tobacco...We in Lone Pine sometimes become calloused to our perpetual sunshine. Republic Pictures on location two solid weeks grumbled that there was never a single cloud in sight, and they needed clouds for that particular picture...What other small town can boast two crack baseball playing preachers comparable to Bob Goslaw and Marvin Johnson?... Jim Mills perhaps didn't realize what a jungles his pool and billiard emporium was until last month when the house cat dropped five kittens in the building and they couldn't be found...We'll bet the Italians now behind the eight ball would gladly get out of the war to get behind a meat ball ...To assume from the appearances of some of our Victory Gardens we offer this advice for next year: Don't plant any more than your wife can take care of... Lieut. Bill Bauer has been assigned to that part of the Navy whose watchword is "Sighted sub, glub, glub, glub"...A recent full evening was spent with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Twohy at Ken Murray's fascinating "Blackouts of 1943" followed by the eyeable midnight show at Florentine Gardens ...We don't profess to be the keyhole type of columnist, but we know of a Lone Pine couple who slept together last month for the first time in five years...Southern

California lumber yards are now on the 48-hour week basis. The business in Lone Pine has always been on that minimum...We recall in 1938 when we rolled homeward from Minnesota that Mrs. Erickson handed us a berry pie to consume enroute. One of the kids stepped in it before we were gone twenty miles. Last month Mrs. Erickson left Lone Pine for Minnesota and took along some tomatoes and grapes despite our admonitions. By the time we arrived in Los Angeles she had set on the tomatoes and the grapes had been trampled into the floor mat of the car...The dear old soul has an inbred curiosity that wasn't even curtailed by our cryptic answer to her question as to who lived in that little white cabin at the rear of the Union Oil Service Station... Shock of the year was our question to Ernest Halliday as to the whereabouts of his wife. He quietly informed us that she had been dead more than a week. Her jolly visits will be long remembered by us...A 10 p.m. emptiness we can't get accustomed to: The before bedtime telephone chats with Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Dow on the events of the day...Our idea of a pacifist is the man who wouldn't even accept military brushes as a gift...Then there was the moron who moved to the city because he heard the country was at war...If you think a change of water might eliminate the galloping pip, you are welcome to our well water at the faucet by our billboard just behind the lone pine tree...An intended compliment to us was Bennie Rosenbach's glowing statement: "You're a lot smarter than some Jews I know"...Many friends know that Julius Mahrt can read but they doubt that he can write. He made a three weeks trip to Washington and never so much as sent back a card...Dr. George D. Shultz now owns and flies his own airplane ...Irving G. Bishop recently presented Jimmy-the-Red with a midget turtle with his name engraved thereon. We don't know whether it was a coincidence or the mating call, for the next day a ten pound desert turtle showed up at the back door...With school starting this month Slim Honerlah's finishing school for boys will soon come to an end. In fact the boys will perhaps have some difficulty in acclimating themselves to the quiet and mild instructors to now be encountered at school...Worthwhile two weeks trip was Bob Goslaw's guiding the Boy Scouts through the mountains. Of all the events the boys seemed to be most awed were the hiking abilities of game-kneed Forest Ranger Everett Shellenbarger...In a recent boxing match before several hundred fans Jimmy-the-Red in the microbe-weight class sustained two knockdowns to his opponent Rodney Ellis' none. But the crowd bawled "draw! draw!" at the end of the match and we don't know yet whether it was because of sympathy or popularity ... To judge by the posters for the Community Plunge benefit dance, Chuck Marsh is a sign writer of professional abilities...The boys in the armed forces will prove a tremendous unknown quantity in next year's presidential campaign. Registrants in Inyo County have declined from 4,529 to 3,384 and in Mono 1,208 to 589...Glass that can be sawed and milled like lumber and still impervious to moisture will be built into post-war homes according to the Corning Glass Works...In ration days the noblest kind of dog is the hot dog —it feeds the hand that bites it... Anyone is welcome to use our saws, provided they don't take them out of the yard...The man who knows how will always have a job—the man who knows why will be his boss...

RETROSPECTION
Lone Pine
September — 1928

While in Ventura, Ed Attaway had his first experience in milking a cow and claimed it a hazardous occupation...Ralph Fear of Lancaster spent the weekend visiting in Lone Pine...Miss Margaret Watterson sustained a fractured finger when the tailgate of a truck was slammed against it... Death Valley Scotty was in Lone Pine intimating that he was interested in the construction of an aerial tram to Mt. Whitney... Miss Margaret Bagwell was united in marriage to Mr. Albert Dearborn by Rev. G. J. Benefiel... A. A. Brierly appointed County Assessor to succeed Vivian Jones, resigned ... Impressive groundbreaking ceremony at Carroll Creek marked official starting of construction of Lone Pine-Porterville road...The county was $500 richer from fines assessed by Judge Southey on bootleggers Matt Ooglin, Harry Manning and Anita Perez...$500 reward was distributed among 14 participants in the capture of bank robbers Wayne Bland and H. B. Cochran...Lone Pine Airport dedicated. 116 persons took airplane rides...Sterling brothers of Independence start construction of garage on corner occupied by Sunset Service Station...Mt. Whitney Packing & Cold Storage plant at Manzanar officially opened for business. The daily capacity was 100 head of cattle, 100 head of hogs and sheep, and 500 poultry...Russell T. Pearson, brother of Mrs. Roy Journagin, killed in airplane crash... Roller skating every evening at the Butterfield Hall...Mr. and Mrs. W. E. McLean departed for month's trip through Ill. and Ohio.

EDITOR LEAVES TOWN . . .

The probability that Congress will block the scheduled draft of bathers increased today as irate members moved to speed action.—L. A. Examiner.

What, no more bath-tubs?

Irish couple, 26, want steady housework; wife A-1 cook, congenial, attractive; husband understands everything. Box 337.—Hollywood, Cal., Citizen-News.

Mighty nice of hubby!

Miss Rogers was winking for the third time when James Trevor, life guard, seized her around the neck and dragged her ashore.—Payson, Cal., Star.

And then . . . ?

Our Sunday School superintendent rendered a lovely solo at the evening devotionals, it being that grand old hymn "Just As I Am Without One Flea."—Blue Mound, Neb., Record.

That was lovely!

Advancement in rank is particularly rapid in the U. S. Marine Corps Women's Reserve irregardless of educational background. The gate is wide open!—Reno Evening Gazette.

Education now unessential?

The Helping Hand Society enjoyed a swap social Friday evening. Everybody brought something they didn't need. Many of the ladies were accompanied by their husbands.—Middlesex, Mass., paper.

Rubbage sale, eh?

Simon Shields lost a horse the first of the week that he valued very highly. It was the one he went to housekeeping with.—Council Grove, Kans., paper.

Could it cook?

The insurance department of our firm is publishing the monthly "Hickory Gap Morning Bugle."

Seems like the world's got itself into a mess of trouble these days. It's takin' a heap of hard and fast work to git out...the way we-all want to git out, that is.

Wal, fer us mountain folks this speed stuff jest don't make sense. Seems like usin' speed and hard work to get outa trouble is just pilin' misery atop of misery.

But we heered as how the country needs all the manpower it can git, so we went to the Lone Pine Lumber & Supply Company and we sez, "We'll do a job fer yew if its jest settin' around."

If you'd like tew be on the mailin' list send us a card.

—SD—

The Mrs.: "Daddy and I won't be home tonight, Bobby. Do you want to sleep alone or with the nurse?"

Bobby (after some deliberation): "What would you do, Daddy?"

Advertisement of the Month

With her small finger, a little girl wrote her name in the wet cement of a new service station. She rushed home—athrill as only a child can thrill—to tell her mother. When Lynda died, her mother remembered. Were the station dismantled, she asked the owning company, might she have the imperishable reminder to a lost moment?

Perhaps you would think Big Business would have no time for such a request. But the mother's letter went straight to the president. Forthwith, the square of cement marked "Lynda" was delivered to the parents. Today it is a part of the garden where they hoped she would play and grow.

People often remark that the man who loves his family and minds his business seldom gets his name in the papers. It's the same with corporations. You hear about their stockholders' meetings, their annual reports. You don't hear about the many human things they do. One reason is that decent citizens—private or corporate—seldom broadcast their good deeds.

We can relate Lynda's story only because Standard of California is not the "hero." One of our competitors did this considerate thing. We'll gladly mail the name. But we know from experience how widespread is this spirit. So we tell on behalf of **all** companies—whether their concern is oil or plows or cookies or sealing-wax —how Lynda wrote her name.

—Standard Oil Co. of Cal.

Behind the Bandsaw—

The old chiseler limped painfully up to the bar and leaned against it in an attitude of dejection.

"What's the matter?" asked a sympathetic friend. "Have an accident?"

"No," replied the chiseler, "I've just had a touch of the yoors."

The sympathetic guy scratched his head. "What's yoors?" he asked.

"I'll take straight whiskey, thanks."

—SD—

"Honey chile," said one dusky waitress to another. "I unestans dat you an' Mose done had trouble."

"Das a lie," said the other. "We juss had a li'l ahgument, an' I shot him, and dass as fur as h'it went."

—Calif. Lbr. Merchant

—SD—

Bruce Magazine tells about the darky whose friend remarked to him that he looked worried. He said:

"Boy, I'se booked up solid on worryin'. I'se got so many worries on my mind now dat if'n sumpin' happens t'me t'day, no mattah how bad h'it is, I won't have time t'worry 'bout h'it fo' at leas' two weeks—an' mebbe mo'."

—SD—

"What are seasoned troops?"

"Oh, they are mustered by the sergeant and peppered by the enemy."

—SD—

"What kind of fish is smelt?"

"All of them, sarge; all of them!"

—SD—

First Femme: "Whenever I get down in the dumps I buy a new hat."

Second Femme: "Oh, I was wondering where you got them."

Waitress: "Hawaii, gentlemen? Yuse must be Hungary to eat in a dump like this."

First Customer: "Yes, Siam. Venice lunch ready? We can't Rumania long. Can't Jamaica little more speed?"

Waitress: "I'll Russia to a table and Fiji fast. Japan the menu yet? The Turkey is Nice."

First Customer: "O.K., Turkey. And I Bolivia can put a Cuba sugar in my Java."

Waitress: "Sweden it yourself. I'm only here to Servia."

First Customer: "Don't Genoa customer is always right? What's got India? You think arguing Alps business? Call the Bosphorus. He'll probably Kenya."

Second Customer: "Canada racket. 'Spain in the neck."

—SD—

During a lull in A.E.F. activities in London, a colored boy from Chattanooga got in a poker game with a few English chaps. Picking up his cards he found four aces. Someone had just bet one pound and the colored boy said, "I don't know how yo' boys count yo' money, but I'll just raise yo' one ton."

—SD—

The modern Miss asked the pro if he could tell her how to play golf.

Pro: "Sure, it's easy enough. All you do is smack the pill and then walk."

Modern Miss: "How interesting. Just like some auto rides I've been on."

—SD—

Sailor: "How did you ever find such a wonderful girl?"

Soldier: "She was thrown at me on a crowded bus."

—SD—

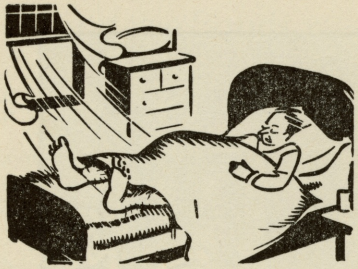
"Are you secretly married to her?"

"Naw, she knows it."

Join the parade - it's time to

PAINT-UP!

See us for Fuller Paints — made by the West's largest paint manufacturers.



NEEDED:

MORE COVERAGE

You might consider this an illustration of cold feet. Certainly we would have cold feet, chilblains and the shivers every time we heard the fire bells siren whistle, if we had only the partial coverage which we know some people call their "insurance."

These days the replacement value of the buildings you own, and their contents, is at a peak. The difference between replacement cost of your property and the amount of insurance you carry is your exposure to loss.

If you get cold feet when you figure out your exposure, see us about more coverage—and do it pronto.

INSURANCE

"For Everything Insurable"

Rudie Henderson • Edward Wm. Hjeltness